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IN THE TRENCHES



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BOSTON

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IN THE TRENCHES

A DRAMA OF THE CUBAN WAR

IN THREE ACTS

By ABEL SEAMAN

AUTHOR OF "BEHIND THE BARS," "HIS ONLY SON," "THE LATEST
SCANDAL," ETC.

Frank E. Chase

BOSTON

Walter H. Baker & Co.

1898

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IN THE TRENCHES.

17992 CHARACTERS.

COLONEL EDWARDS, *a hero of Santiago.*

JOHN DAVIS, *a New York capitalist.*

PATRICK GREEN, *known as "Pea Green," of the firm of Bullheimer and Green, army contractors and general speculators.*

MOSES BULLHEIMER, *his partner.*

PAUL DAVIS, *afraid of everything but danger.*

JOSE ESTRADA, *a Spanish prisoner.*

PRIVATE MURPHY, *an American citizen.*

'RASTUS CRICKET, *another one—colored.*

MADAME VALDOZA, *a wealthy Cuban widow.*

NADINA, *her daughter and heiress.*

REBECCA BULLHEIMER, *in pursuit of a husband,—this time her own.*

*Soldiers, Spanish and American, Cuban Refugees, etc., ad libitum
for tableaux.*



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IN THE TRENCHES.

ACT I.

Scene.—A handsome interior. Doors R. and L. Large window C. in flat, overlooking street. Chair R. ; chair and table L. ; other furniture ad libitum, according to taste and circumstances. DAVIS discovered, reading a newspaper.

Dav. (*reading, L. chair*). So, more troops ordered out to Cuba. Eh ! What's this ? (*Reads.*) " Will embark, and sail from New York on the twenty-eighth." That's to-day. Why, the 10th are going, my friend Colonel Edwards' regiment—more slaughter—more American blood to be shed.

Enter CRICKET, L. ; *card on salver.*

Cric. Kunnel Edwards, sah, request de felic'ty for to see you, sah.

Dav. Show him up.

Cric. Yas, sah.

[**Exit** L.

Dav. Ah ! Twenty years of age, when I was in Cuba, I little thought it would some day become a graveyard for my fellow countrymen.

Enter COLONEL EDWARDS, *full regimentals, from L.*

Col. Ah ! Davis, how do you do ? I suppose you have heard the news ?

Dav. (*shaking hands*). Just reading it—so you are going to active service, Colonel ?

Col. Yes, at the head of the brave fellows I have the honor to command, and the finest regiment in the country, sir, or out of it ; we sail to-day and—ha ! ha ! ha !—and if we don't give the Spaniards a dressing, say that I've made a mistake, and it will be the first I ever did make.

Dav. (*sits, R. C.*). You never make mistakes, eh, Colonel ?

Col. (*sits, L. C.*). Never, sir, never made a mistake in my life. But I've called to say good-bye, and to ask you, as an old friend,

to take charge of this packet for me, and if I fall, I want you to break the seal, read the contents, and act upon them.

Dav. But your lawyer?

Col. I have no lawyer. I hate a lawyer almost as I do a Spaniard.

Dav. But why hate the Spaniards so?

Col. Why, now, look you, Davis, I think that you are an honest man, and as I am never wrong, you may take my word for it. You are, now don't deny it—I've said you are, and you are. You ask me why I hate the Spaniards, and hang it, sir, I'll tell you. When I was a young man I held a commission under the Spanish Government to conduct some engineering operations in Cuba. I was introduced to the house of the Governor-General, and being a good-looking fellow——

Dav. Then!

Col. Then! Yes. I soon made my way into the best society. Among my acquaintances was a certain Spanish nobleman, of high rank, with whose daughter I fell in love, and who returned my affection.

Dav. You were fortunate.

Col. Was I? You shall judge for yourself. We were both aware that her father would refuse his consent to our marriage.

Dav. Well; and what did you do?

Col. Did without it. We were secretly married. And for six months I thought I was in Heaven, only to awaken one morning to find myself in the other place; for my wife's mother discovered our marriage, and I was sent to prison.

Dav. You? an American?

Col. Yes. For I was made the victim of a trumped-up charge. I will not describe to you my sufferings at the hands of these Spanish devils; how I was starved and tortured, till the limit of human endurance was nearly reached. But terrible as were my sufferings, I could have borne them with a stout heart, but for the bitter knowledge that the wife I so loved, the wife for whom I would have died a thousand times, was the author of my misfortune. [*Crosses, R., and back to L.*]

Dav. Your wife? Surely you are mistaken!

Col. No; for a letter in that packet placed it beyond a doubt. Tired of her lover, regretting a husband who was a bar to her ambition, she obtained the annulment of our marriage and my condemnation.

Dav. But how did you obtain your freedom?

Col. In company with two others, we made a desperate attempt to escape. My two companions were killed, and I alone succeeded. And after tortures, the recollection of which even now will make me shudder, I at length reached home again.

Dav. Where, of course, you obtained redress?

Col. Where, of course, I obtained nothing of the kind. I tried hard, but in vain, for then, as now, the principal commodity in a Government office was red tape. And now that we are ordered out to Cuba, can you wonder that I rejoice? Can you wonder that the bare thought of charging into the midst of their savage hordes, and dealing out defeat and death, fires every energy of heart and soul, and makes me young again?

Dav. When do you embark?

Col. To-day. You will take charge of the packet, Davis, and keep it as a sacred trust; and if I should fall in the campaign, you will undertake my responsibilities?

Dav. I promise you.

[*Shakes hands. Noise of laughter outside; DAVIS goes up, C.*]

Col. Who's that?

Dav. (*looking out window to L.*). My son and two lady friends of his; they are coming here.

Col. Ladies! I'm off—I'm no 'ladies' man.

Dav. (*crossing, L.*). Well, come into my snuggery and have a glass of wine.

Col. Who are the ladies?

Dav. Well! ahem—a Spanish lady and her daughter.

Col. Spanish! Confound it! it's bad enough to be a woman, but a Spanish woman——

Dav. Shall I introduce you?

Col. Introduce *me*? No. But how is it Paul is not with his regiment?

Dav. Because he resigned his commission, directly this Cuban war was talked of.

Col. Resigned! That looks like cowardice.

Dav. His excuse is that he doesn't like the drilling, and hates the fighting.

Col. The coward!

Dav. But the fact is, he is in love with this Spanish girl—who hasn't a penny, I am told—and has actually refused to marry my friend Milford's daughter, who has sixty thousand dollars. I think I am justly angry with him, but come indoors.

[*Laughter outside.*]

Col. It's bad enough to hate fighting—but to love a Spaniard—hang it! Come in or I shall lose my temper.

[**Exit, R., with DAVIS.**]

Enter PAUL, with MADAME VALDOZA and NADINA, laughing, L.

Mad. V. And you pretend you are a coward?

Paul. I confess it—I have not the courage of a mouse.

Mad. V. And you have resigned your commission. What did your father say ?

Paul. A great deal.

Mad. V. Complimentary, or otherwise ?

Paul. Oh, otherwise.

Nad. Oh ! you are no coward.

Paul. How do you know ?

Nad. Because no woman could love a coward.

Paul. Do you love me ?

Nad. No, no, but if you are a coward—why, just now, when the sudden squall nearly capsized our yacht, you acted with a coolness, courage, and presence of mind that saved our lives.

Paul. That wasn't courage—it was the fear of an accident. I am too fond of living to lose my life.

Nad. Yes, but when my horse took fright, and was galloping over the cliffs, and you, at the risk of your being trampled to death, seized and stayed him, you did not seem to prize your life much then.

Paul. Because my life without yours would be valueless. I am fond of life, because I am young—have health and hope ; I love the broad and open sea—the green fields—the waving trees—the broad expanse of sky and breezy air. The world with me is filled with life and beauty, but without you its light and sunshine would be gone.

[**MAD. V.** *up stage, L., drops down, R.*

Mad. V. Ahem ! Where is your father, Mr. Davis ?

Paul. I will fetch him for a reward.

Nad. And what is that ?

Paul. That rosebud.

Nad. It is yours. (*Gives it.*) You will not give it away ?

Paul. No.

Nad. Nor exchange it ?

Paul. Only for one thing on earth more precious.

Nad. And what is that ?

Paul. Yourself.

[**Exit, R.**

Mad. V. Nadina ! That man loves you.

Nad. Does he ?

Mad. V. You know he does.

Nad. I know something more.

Mad. V. And what is that ?

Nad. I love him.

Mad. V. Nadina ! Be warned in time—such an attachment cannot but lead to disappointment and unhappiness.

Nad. But why ?

Mad. V. Mr. Davis tells me that he is to marry Miss Milford, an heiress with sixty thousand dollars.

Nad. And Paul tells me he would not marry her if she had ten times sixty thousand dollars.

Mad. V. Nadina! Have you ever had to doubt my desire for your welfare, my love for you?

Nad. Never! never!

Mad. V. Then for reasons which you some day may learn, even any growing attachment for Paul Davis ere it be too late.

Nad. I'm afraid it is too late.

Re-enter PAUL with MR. DAVIS, from R.

Dav. (*shaking hands*). Delighted to see you—this is indeed a pleasure. [*Crossing, C.*]

Mad. V. It will be a last one, Mr. Davis, for we have come to say good-bye. In a few days we shall return to Cuba.

Paul. Impossible! The war.

Mad. V. (*crosses, R. C.*). Your countrymen, Mr. Davis, do not war with women.

Dav. But the danger?

Mad. V. (*looking at NADINA and PAUL*). There may be greater danger if we remain.

Dav. (*aside; goes up, R.*). I can see her motive.

Paul (*aside to NADINA*). I must pack up my things.

Nad. You—what for?

Paul. To go to Cuba.

Nad. To Cuba!—why?

Paul. Because you are going.

Enter CRICKET, L.

Cric. Dey is two gemmun at de front door as wants to see Missy Valdoza. 'One is a for'n gemmun, an' de other's Irish.

Mad. V. To see me? Strange!

Cric. Dey say dey took de liberty ob coming here after you, 'cos deir business was 'portant.

Dav. Then see them here. (*To CRICKET.*) Admit them.

Cric. Yas, sah.

[**Exit, L.**]

Dav. (*to NADINA and PAUL*). Will you walk round the garden with me, while your mother sees these gentlemen?

Nad. With pleasure.

Dav. This way.

[**Exit, R.**]

Paul (*taking NADINA'S arm*). I prefer this.

[**Exit, L.**]

Enter GREEN and BULLHEIMER, L.; they bow to NADINA as she goes off.

Green. A foine gurl!

Bull. Hang the girl!

Green. Hang the girl! Hang yourself.

Bull. I von't hang myself.

Green. Worse luck !

Bull. Ish dot so ?

Green. Yes. But I forgive you. (*Offers hand.*) Shake !

Bull. I accept your abology.

[*They shake hands, and come down.*]

Green. I ax your pardon, ma'am, for this intrusion.

Mad. V. Your business, sir ?

Green. My business—I may say, our business, for we are the firm of Bullheimer and Green——

Bull. Contractors und financial agents.

Green. And moy business is joost this. A Mr. Manuel Romero——

Mad. V. My brother !

Green. Has a large estate in Eastern Cuba which he wishes to sell, and which moy partner and mesilf intend to buy ; and we wish to know from you if he has the roight to do so.

Mad. V. If I understand you rightly, my brother, Manuel Romero, has offered to sell the Romero estate, and you are likely to become its purchasers ?

Green. Yis, ma'am. That's what.

Bull. But before ve buy, of course ve vant to inquire into the title. Now here is a copy of the vill of your fader—a strange vill.

Green. A moighty strange will. He must have been——

Bull. Out of his filbert.

Green. The gintleman manes—off his nut.

Mad. V. (*crossing, L.*). My brother has no right to sell the Romero estate, for it is the property of my child.

Bull. But by this vill your fader bequeaths the estate to your child, should it be a son ; but if a daughter, the property reverts to your bruder. You haf but von child.

Mad. V. You are right, sir.

Bull. That is a daughter. Consequently, the property goes to your bruder.

Mad. V. No, sir, but to my son.

Green. A son ! Ye have but wan child, and that is a daughter. How can ye have a son ?

Mad. V. (*crosses, C.*). Listen to me, sir. You would purchase this estate, and it is only an act of common justice to tell you why I dispute my brother's right to it.

Green. Roight you are, ma'am.

Mad. V. When but a mere girl, I was married to a young American, but without the consent or knowledge of my family. That marriage was discovered, and by the influence of my mother, my husband was separated from me, and died a few months afterwards. Shortly before the birth of my child, my father was seized with a mortal illness, and upon his death-bed

sent for and forgave me. He died in my arms, leaving the will to which you allude, bequeathing the estate to my child, should it prove a male, and to my brother should it prove a female. A few weeks after, the child was born.

Green. I see—a female gurrl!

Mad. V. No, sir, a boy—and the just and rightful heir to the Romero estate.

Green. But how can a boy in Spain be a gurrl in America?

Mad. V. Because, sir, that young lady is only my adopted daughter. I am very reluctant to speak upon the subject, but my duty compels me. Now, sir, when my child was born, I knew that my brother intended to destroy its life if a boy; and when it proved to be a son, to save its life I caused it to be changed with that of a *friend's*, who gave birth to a female child at about the same time. [Crossing, L.

Bull. (*aside to GREEN*). Just vot ve were told. Ve must be careful.

Green. But your son—where is he now? Is he living or did? If living, the eshtate is his; if did, your brother can sill the property to us.

Mad. V. With the necessary proof of his identity, he was confided to a Spaniard, named José Estrada, who, however, most shamefully betrayed his trust.

Green. And killed the child?

Mad. V. Such, I believe, was his intention; but I have discovered that my boy was saved, and brought to America.

Green. But, begorra, where is he?

Mad. V. That I have to discover. But I have told you sufficient; and I warn you that if you purchase this property, it will be at your own risk. Good-morning. [Bows, and exit, R.

Green. Bull, me frind, what shall we do?

Bull. Vait, and keep our eyes open. The estate is a fine property which Romero sells, firstly, because his title to it isn't good, and secondly, because it is near the seat of war.

Green. Oh! If we can only find out for sure if this child is did or alive, there is a splendid fortune for us.

Bull. Yes. How can we find out?

Green. I say, if——

Bull. And I say, how?

[*This is worked up, repeated to climax. They appear about to strike each other and then shake hands. Same business through drama.*

Green. Oh, go to the divil!

Bull. Hush! Some one coming.

Green. Who is it?

Bull. It's the young lady.

Green. Who is that with her?

Bull. Young Davis, her sweetheart, I suppose.

Green. Ah! She makes me heart jump. Oh, if she was mine! I—quick, here, into this room.

Bull. And keep our eyes and ears open——

Green. —loike a couple of damned spies.

Bull. By chiminy! I vos no spy!

Green. Oh, yis ye are. But I forgive ye. Shake!

Bull. I accept your abology. [*They shake hands.*]

Green (*as they are going, R.*). Ah! There's the gurl that I love.

Bull. (*looking off, C. to L.*). Und there is the voman that I fear—my vife.

Green. Your wife? Where?

Bull. Coming here. The more I run away from her, the harder she runs after me. [*Exit, R. I E.*]

Green. Ah! The woman that I love!

Enter MRS. BULLHEIMER, L.

Green. Fat, fair, and forty! [*Exit, R. I E.*]

MRS. BULLHEIMER, coming down with CRICKET.

Mrs. B. Is my husband a phantom? Here I have come all the way from Milwaukee to New York. I could have sworn I saw him, and he slips through my fingers like an eel. Here's half a dollar for you. Where's Mr. Bullheimer?

Cric. Well, you see, missy, I can't prezakly tell you where he is, 'cos I don't know—and any further information is a extra charge.

Mrs. B. Here is a quarter.

Cric. What you want him for?

Mrs. B. What does a woman want her husband for? He's run away and left me, and a beautiful home in Milwaukee, with the rent unpaid, the bills to pay, the gas and the water cut off.

Cric. Den I should cut off, too.

Mrs. B. But I'd forgive him everything, if he didn't pretend that I was false to him.

Cric. Did he now? But really I can't spare time to listen—I want to see the sogers, and——

Mrs. B. Here's another quarter.

Cric. Thank you, missy.

Mrs. B. Yes, he came home tipsy at three o'clock in the morning, drank up every drop of liquor in the house, broke up the furniture, and accused me of having—of having——

Cric. Got tipsy you'self?

Mrs. B. No! Of having been too friendly with the plumber—but it's false, and if I find him, I'll—— Who's in that room?

[*Pointing R. I E.*]

Cric. Nobody, missy, nobody.

Mrs. B. Here's a half-dollar to tell me where my husband is.

[*As MRS. BULLHEIMER'S back is turned, BULLHEIMER appears at R. I E., and holds up two half-dollars.*

Cric. Right! I ain't seen you' husband. (*BULLHEIMER points off L.*) But if you come with me dis way, you'll find him.

Mrs. B. I mean to.

Cric. Dis way.

Mrs. B. I will; if I go to the wilds of Russia, the plains of South America, go up the North Pole, or down the steppes of Tartary, I'll find him, and when I do, I'll—I'll——

Cric. What?

Mrs. B. What? Are you a married man?

Cric. No, missy.

Mrs. B. Then I'd rather not tell you.

[*Exit, L. CRICKET turns and takes two half-dollars from BULLHEIMER.*

Cric. Thank you, sah.

Bull. Tell her you think I've gone to Jericho, or Kamschatka.

Cric. Right you are, massa.

[*Exit, L.*

PAUL and NADINA **enter arm in arm, L. I E.**; NADINA *sits, R. chair*; PAUL *leans over her.*

Nad. And you would follow me to Cuba?

Paul. Aye! and to the end of the world. Nadina, don't go back to Cuba, stay in America and become my wife.

Nad. Your wife?

Paul. Yes, my wife, for I love you—love you more than it is in words to express. You have brought the light and sunshine in my life, and the most waste and barren spot in all the world would be a paradise if shared with you.

Nad. How—how shall I answer you?

Paul. By saying, yes!

Nad. I dare not; my mother has warned me.

[*Music; piano.*

Paul. Warned you of what?

Nad. I scarcely know. There is some mystery, but I know her never-failing tenderness and love, and it is my duty to consult her before I answer you.

Paul. Be it so, but I could not bear to hear you answer no. See, here is the rose you gave me; if you will stay, if you will become my wife, tell me I may keep it; but if you are to crush the dearest and the highest hopes I have, ask me for the rose back again.

Nad. I will, and within the hour.

Paul. But will you not tell me, if the answer rested alone with you, could you love me ?

Nad. Paul, I——

Dav. (*entering, R.*). Signora, your mamma is asking for you.

Nad. Where is she, sir ?

Dav. In the drawing-room.

Nad. I will go to her.

[*PAUL starts to follow.*

Dav. A moment, young gentleman. I wish to speak to you.

[*PAUL leads her to D. R.*

Paul (*aside to her*). Remember the rose.

[*Exit NADINA, R.*

Dav. Now, young gentleman, you are falling in love with that young lady.

Paul. No, father, I am not. I have fallen, and so deep that I can never get out again.

Dav. But you will have to.

Paul. Impossible !

Dav. Not when I command you ?

Paul. Pardon me, father, but in the choice of a wife every man has a right to judge for himself.

Dav. You have dared to resign your commission, and can expect nothing from me ; and you have also dared to refuse to marry the lady I intended for you, who has sixty thousand dollars.

Paul. Sir ! I love Nadina.

Dav. Confound it ! You will at once give up all hopes of this lady, if you are an honest man.

Paul. If I am an honest man ? I am an honest man.

Dav. Do you think it honest to marry a woman under false pretences ? To find out afterwards that you are a penniless, nameless man.

Paul. Father !

Dav. Do as I wish, and you remain a gentleman. Refuse, and you become a beggar. Now, one word. Will you give her up ?

Paul. No !

Dav. Then my duty as a gentleman forces me to tell you—to prevent you deceiving this lady—that the name you bear, the position you hold, you have no right to. You are not my son at all.

[*Music continued.*

Paul. Not your son ?

Dav. No, sir ; but the son of a poor Spaniard.

Paul. A Spaniard ! 'Tis false ! I am an American in heart and soul. I feel it within myself, and I know it.

Dav. (*seated*). You shall judge for yourself. Your own obstinacy forces me to tell you the whole—the bitter truth. Twenty years ago, while travelling in Spain, I stopped at a

small village for refreshment. As I left the hotel at night, to continue my journey, I was accosted by a man I had known before—José Estrada. He had a child in his arms, wrapped beneath his cloak, and he begged me, in the name of humanity, to take and save it. I consented ; I brought the child to America, and having no wife, no children of my own, I adopted, educated, and made a gentleman of him. (*Rises.*) You, Paul, are that child. A man without a father.

Paul. My God ! Why was I permitted to live for such a bitter hour ? Better have been the humblest wretch on earth than to be lifted up to fall again like this. Oh, Nadina, Nadina ! You are lost to me, indeed ! [*Crosses to chair, R.*]

Dav. You now understand why you must give the lady up ? Nadina comes from a noble Spanish family. If you were to marry her, you would bring shame and disgrace upon her. I should never have told you this but for your reckless conduct and obstinacy.

Paul. But are there no papers ?

Dav. Yes, a sealed packet, which I have given my word shall not be placed in your hands till you are of age. On your twenty-first birthday—a few months hence—it shall be given you.

Paul. Mr. Davis.

Dav. Nay, Paul, call me father still.

Paul. No, sir. I will not bear a name I have no right to, but the wealth and position I thought were mine I'll win for myself. To-day my life begins—one favor alone I ask ; go to Nadina—for I have not the courage nor the heart—tell her—as you have told me—all. But tell her also that if she can still love the nameless outcast—if she will wait for me in confidence and trust—I will win a name and position for myself.

Dav. I will. Come with me.

Paul. No ! My head's bewildered, and I must think.

[*Drum and fife band in the distance, playing " The Girl I left behind me."*]

Dav. Poor boy. Well, it is better that he should know ; he's a fine fellow, and I wish I were his father. [*Exit, R.*]

Paul (*looking off, C. to L.*). What are those ? Recruits marching to the depot. I'll walk down and watch them. Nadina, give me but one smile, one word of encouragement and hope, and I'll win a name you shall not blush to bear.

[*Exit, L. March ceases.*]

Re-enter GREEN and BULLHEIMER from R. I E.

Green. Begorra ! what an astonishment.

Bull. Goodness gracious ! Vot a surprise !

Green. There goes the heir to the largest estate in Cuba.

Bull. And he doesn't know it.

Green. A millionaire in his own roight.

Bull. And he doesn't know it.

Green. His mother in the house.

Bull. And he doesn't know it.

Green. And he niver will. Oh, what a snap! If we buy the estates—they are cheap—and this young man were to mate wid some accident and were to die, to——

Bull. Knock over the pail vit his foot?

Green. Kick tke bucket, you mane. But where has he gone?

Bull. Let us vatch and see. His life is vorth too much. Poor fellow! the world is very hard upon him, and ve vill——

Green. Sind him to a better one.

Bull. You shall send him.

Green. No, you.

[*Quarrel as before.*]

Bull. Ugh! you Irish bogtrotter.

Green. Ugh! you domned Sheeny! [*Quarrel as before.*]
But I forgive you.

Bull. I accept your abology. [Exeunt by window, C.]

Enter MAD. V. and NADINA, D. R.

Mad. V. And now, Nadina, you know all, that you are the child of a Spanish peasant, and in justice, you must not marry this gentleman, to whose position your own humble origin would be a constant reproach.

Nad. But, why, oh, why was I not told before—before it was too late to crush my love—before my heart was broken!

Mad. V. Heaven knows, child, I have acted for the best; and I should not have told you now but for the visit of these agents.

DAVIS enters, R.

Dav. Madam, at the request of Paul, whose attachment to your daughter——

Mad. V. (*crossing*, C.). Stay, Mr. Davis. In order to avoid any unnecessary pain, or useless explanation, let me at once say that any engagement between your son and my daughter is out of the question.

PAUL entering, L. D.

Paul. Mr. Davis is here—then he has told all.

GREEN and BULLHEIMER enter, C., and remain at back.

Dav. (L.). You will pardon me—but Paul——

Paul (*down* L. C.). Will speak for himself—and to Nadina alone.

Mad. V. (R.). Be it so. Nadina, you know your duty.

Dav. (aside to PAUL, L. C.). Remember, Paul, this is my final decision ; you either marry Miss Milford, or you quit my roof.
[Retires up,
[Exit, R. Music continued.

Paul (R.). You have heard all.

Nad. (L.). All what ?

Paul. The sudden change from a position of honor and respect to that of a beggar.

Nad. (aside). He knows all. *(Aloud.)* Yes ; I have heard.

Paul. Ah ! And your answer ?

Nad. Do you still require it ?

Paul. Yes. When I spoke of love, I little dreamt it was the love of a pauper.

Nad. (aside). Ah ! then he does know all, and merely renews his offer from mistaken honor. I will not be a blot on his name.

Paul. Nadina ! Your answer.

Nad. Give me back the rose.

Paul. Ah ! *(Kissing it and giving it to her.)* As with that flower, so may your memory of me fade and wither. Good-bye, and forever.

Nad. Good-bye. Oh, mother ! mother ! take me away !

[She drops rose, which PAUL picks up ; MAD. V. catches her, as she falls fainting, and she leads her off, L.]

Paul. She has gone from out my life forever. And in this great wide world I am friendless and alone.

[Military band heard in the distance, piano, and worked up forte, till end of Act, as dialogue will allow]

Enter COLONEL, R., with DAVIS.

Col. (R. C.). Davis, we're off ! Farewell.

Paul (C.). Colonel, is it true your regiment is short of men ?

Col. Confound it, yes ; can't get recruits. Like you, they are afraid to fight.

Paul. Will you take me ?

Col. and Dav. You !

Paul. Yes. I—and now.

Col. But you have resigned your commission. What will you do for one ?

Paul. Do for it ? Win it.

[The top portion of rifles and bayonets and the colors of the regiment are seen crossing at back above the garden fence, from L. to R., and continued till the end of Act ; supposed to be the soldiers passing.]

Col. There is no time to be lost—our brave fellows are on the move. Follow me.

[Turns to go, L.]

NADINA and MAD. V. *enter from L.*

Nad. (L.). Paul—Paul—where are you going?

Paul (R. C.). To Cuba—to the war—I am beggared in pocket and bankrupt in love, and what better fate than food for powder?

Nad. (L. C.). Oh! Paul—I do love you. [*Falls in his arms.*]

Paul. Nadina, farewell! With your name upon my lips, your image in my heart. Heaven bless you! Good-bye.

NADINA, *falling, is caught by MAD. V. Picture end of Act. Military band, forte. Bayonets passing at back.*

COLONEL.

PAUL.

NADINA.

GREEN.

MAD. V.

BULLHEIMER.

DAVIS.

R.

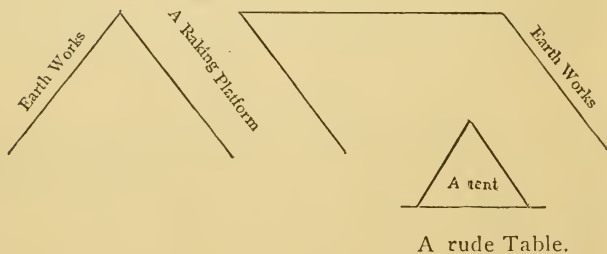
L.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene.—*In the Trenches; the drop shows view of the Trenches.*

Earth Works.



A disabled Cannon.

 A Barrel.

Camp Fire.

CRICKET and MURPHY, *discovered; music.* CRICKET *dancing about; MURPHY on sentry duty through act.*

Mur. (*seated, L.*). You seem to be mighty clever wid your legs. It's practising ye are?

Cric. (L.). What for?

Mur. To run away when the inimy comes.

Cric. Run away ! Nevah ! I might retreat, but I'd never run away.

Mur. Why did you enlist, Cricket ?

Cric. I do' know, for a fac', I'ish. I was jes' watchin' de sogers go by, when a-man sez to me, sez he : "' Rastus, dat am a great sight." "Fo de Lawd 'tis," I sez. "Wen dey is fighting, does dem bands play, boss ?" sez I. "Bet yer life !" sez he ; "come and have a drink ; you're a fine man." So he treats me to a beer, and den a glass of ale, half-a-dozen glasses of whisky, a lemonade and brandy, and a ten cent cigar.

Mur. Bedad ! that was kind of him.

Cric. Wal I guess yes. "We has better in the army," sez he. "Does you ?" sez I. "Bet yer life," sez he ; "a soger," sez he, "sleeps in a palace, and lives like a emperor ; he eats on the fat of the land, drinks champagny wine, and smokes ten cent cigars."

Mur. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Cric. An' the fus' thing you know they make you a hosifer at once. And the fus' thing I knew I had gone an' 'listed.

MRS. BULLHEIMER *entering*, L. I E., *crossing*, R.

Mrs. B. Excuse me, have you seen any one by the name of Bullheimer ? Oh, sir, he's my husband.

Mur. Is he now ? Then you're his wife, bedad.

Mrs. B. I am, sir, I am—and he's left me and the little house in Milwaukee and the rent not paid. I followed him to New York, and then down here, and I'll follow him to the end of the world, and into the next one too ; but when I do find him—oh !

Mur. I wouldn't be Bullheimer for a trifle. What kind of a manner of a man is he ?

Mrs. B. Medium height.

Mur. Yes !

Mrs. B. Eyes of no particular color.

Mur. Yes !

Mrs. B. His hair, not exactly dark.

Mur. No !

Mrs. B. And not exactly light.

Mur. No !

Mrs. B. But a sort of blackish-sandy-brown.

Mur. Yes !

Mrs. B. With an ordinary sort of voice.

Mur. Bedad, I've seen such a man.

Mrs. B. Where ?

Mur. In Ireland, about eight years ago.

Mrs. B. Oh ! he's a sort of army contractor and agent.

Mur. Is he duck-footed ?

Mrs. B. No.

Mur. Pigeon-breasted?

Mrs. B. No.

Mur. Does he squint?

Mrs. B. No.

Mur. Then, bedad, it's the man; his name's Bullheimer, and he's a contractor.

Mrs. B. Yes, but where is he?

Mur. Kape straight in that way—climb over the fence, and kape straight on to the right, and then inquire again.

Mrs. B. Yes, but who of, and who for?

Mur. I lave that to your own discretion.

Mrs. B. I'll find him, if he's on the earth, and if he isn't I'll go alter him and find him. Only I'm afraid it will be in a warmer place than Cuba. [Exit R. I E.

Mur. Bedad, in ten minutes she'll walk bang into the Spanish lines.

PAUL *heard outside*, L. I E.

Paul. Halt!

Mur. There he goes, the finest lad in the regiment.

Cric. Ugh! Made him a sergeant, and forgot to promote me. Don't I deserve the stripes? [Exit, R. I E.

Mur. The divil doubt it—only the stripes would be on your back.

Paul (*entering* L. I E.). Keep on the alert, boys. You won't have a long rest. This flag of truce will last only two hours, and then the firing will begin again.

Mur. Aye, aye, Sergeant.

Paul (*produces tobacco*). Here's a little tobacco. It isn't much, but you are welcome. Load your pipes.

Mur. Thank you, Sergeant. Always good to us men, eh?

Paul. There's no merit. We share the dangers, why not our tobacco?

Mur. Oh, Sergeant, you're as modest as a woman and as brave as a lion. Faix! I'm glad you're an American.

Paul. The Colonel will have it that I'm a Spaniard.

Mur. Sure, Sergeant, the Colonel has a prejudice against you, the divil only knows why.

Paul. I cannot help that. My heart is American, though my birth was Spanish, and he hates anything Spanish. Unfortunately I am educated, and he hates education in the ranks. He opposed my promotion. I did not deserve my promotion, perhaps; but I do not deserve his dislike.

Mur. Not deserve promotion. Bedad! When you walked into the shot and shell as though they were gray peas and shuttles, and led our men and brought back the wounded officer, the Colonel was obliged to promote you.

Paul. Had there been any danger I should not have done it.

Mur. That's the fun of the thing. You believe yourself to be a coward, and you're the bravest man in the regiment.

Paul. It's a mistake. I do no more than any other soldier would do. I neither dodge a shot, nor dread a bayonet, because I do not see any danger; but if I did, I'd run away.

Mur. Faix! you would? But it would be after the Spanish.

Paul. I have comrades here who prize their lives because they've those at home to love and live for, and who in the long and silent nights can dream of home, of tender looks, of sweet voices whispering constant love and hope; but I am nameless, friendless; and what matters it if on yonder slopes I find a grave.

[*Drum roll, L. I E.*

Col. (*entering, L. I E.; all salute*). Keep a sharp lookout, lads. Though the enemy is quiet, the truce will soon be up. There's mischief brewing. Before the day is gone, you'll have work to do. Where's the sergeant in command? [*Crossing R.*

Paul (L.). Here, sir.

Col. That half-bred Spaniard; it's strange I should have taken a dislike to him. Sir, your friend, Mr. Davis, is dead.

Paul. I regret to say the news has already reached me.

Col. You behaved ungratefully to him.

Paul. Pardon me, Colonel. I shall ever remember him with gratitude and love. If I preferred fighting in the trenches to marrying a woman I did not like——

Col. To fall in love with a Spanish woman——

Paul. That was my affair, not yours.

Col. Ahem! You have won rapid promotion. I hope you deserved it.

Paul. I hope so too, sir.

Col. Rather too important a position, this, for a foreigner to hold.

Paul. I beg pardon. I am an American.

Col. Oh! I thought you were a half-bred Spaniard.

Paul. I was an American gentleman, sir.

Col. We don't expect non-commissioned officers to be gentlemen.

Paul. But we expect the commissioned officers to be.

Col. Confound the fellow! Humph! Information has been received at headquarters that there are spies in the camp.

Paul. Spies, Colonel!

Col. And that information of our numbers at each post, with drawings and plans, are being supplied to the enemy, and by a person described as "Spanish-American." (*Looks at PAUL.*) But let the traitor beware, for if we catch him, we'll shoot him like a dog.

Paul (*aside*). Why am I silent under this injustice? Is it respect for a brave man, or because I am a coward?

Col. You are silent, Sergeant.

Paul I was hoping, Colonel, that the spy might be caught.

Col. And I that he won't be in our ranks.

Paul. Americans, Colonel, are neither spies nor traitors.

Enter CRICKET with two packets, R. I E.

Crick (*crossing, C.*). From the Commander-in-Chief, Kunnel.

—**Col.** (*opens packet; reads*). Eh! what is this? A packet of letters for you, Sergeant.

Paul. I thank you, sir.

[*Takes packet and goes into tent; reads.*]

Col. (*reading, R.*). "Permit two Cuban ladies to pass through the American lines." What the devil do women want here?

Crick. (*L.*). De lady's brother is dying, sah, and she has been giben leave to pass to him wid de nex' flag ob truce for the wounded.

Paul (*in tent, reading by lantern*). Madame Valdoza here, and Nadina!

Col. I'd rather see the devil in the camp than a woman; but the flag of truce will shortly expire; they must wait for the next before they can pass. Now for a peep at the enemy.

[*Mounts raking platform, R. of C., and looks off R., through glass.*]

Paul (*stopping CRICKET, who is going L.*). Where is Madame Valdoza staying?

Crick. At headquarters, sah.

Paul. Thank you.

[**Exit CRICKET, L. I E.**]

Paul. Nadina and her mother—will they know that I am here? And if they do, will they bestow a single thought upon me! Will she, Nadina, care to know my fate—if I am living, or if I am lying upon a Cuban battle-field—like many a better man—with a bullet through his heart?

Mur. (*in tent*). What's the matter wid ye, Sergeant? You've a face as long as a doctor's bill.

Paul (*in tent*). Nothing, Corporal. (*Aside.*) Now for the other packet. (*Opens it.*) As I supposed, from poor Mr. Davis. (*Reads.*) "Is to be opened when twenty-one years of age." I am past that now. What is this? A certificate of birth of Paul, son of Emilia Valdoza, on October the 13th, 1833, and properly attested, indorsed by a statement that for family reasons a female had been substituted. Great Heaven! then Madame Valdoza is my mother.

[*As PAUL opens second packet and reads, MURPHY turns and sees COLONEL.*]

Mur. Bedad, Colonel, you'd be picked off by the enemy like a pigeon from a trap.

Col. Have the men been here?

Mur. Have they been there! Faix, haven't they?

Col. Where the men go, the Colonel goes. To an American officer, duty has no fear.

Mur. (*aside*). He's a severe officer, but, bedad, he's a brave man.

Paul. Good! The second document, signed by Mr. Davis, proving that his supposed son is the same child he rescued on the night of the 13th of October, 1833, from José Estrada; these two documents make the chain of evidence complete. In Madame Valdoza I have found a mother—she is in the camp—but I cannot leave my post. I have it—I will write to her, and enclose these precious proofs. When every moment I may swell the list of killed it is not safe for me to have them.

[*Begins to write at table in tent by the light of the lantern.*]

Enter GREEN and BULLHEIMER, L. I E.

Green. This is the spot where our friend Paul is stationed.

Bull. I vish he vas stationed in the next world.

Green. Me, too.

Bull. Sent to the devil.

Green. Yis. The divil take him.

Bull. Romero is dead, and ve have bought the property—but ve can't hold it while this fellow is living.

Green. Ah! he must die, like many a better man!

Bull. But how? He's in every battle, and in every charge—fighths like a hero, and calls himself a coward.

Green. Ah! if I were only behind him, and could put a bullet in his back. But no, he always comes out unhurt.

Bull. Hush! there is the Colonel. Have you the drawings of the redoubts and entrenchments, and the number of men at each?

Green. In the lining of me coat, begorra.

Bull. To-night they must be in the hands of the Spaniards.

Green. You had better take care of them.

Bull. No—you—to have them found on me is instant death.

Green. It's the same for me, begorra! Will you take them?

Bull. No, I won't.

Green. The divil take yez for a Hebrew sneak.

Bull. Damnation!

Green (*sees COLONEL*). But I forgive you.

Bull. I accept your abology.

Col. (*comes down, R. H.*). Hulloo! What the devil do you want here?

Green. I was joost inspectin' the army!

Col. Irish ! Who are you ?

Green. The firm of Green and Bullheimer, International Financiers and Army Contractors.

Col. Oh ! Army contractors.

Green. Yes, sir—army contractors.

Col. Oh, the damned rascals who have clothed our brave fellows in rags. I should like to hang a few of you.

Green. Ye're hard on us, Colonel.

Bull. I nefer did—so hellup me gracious !

Col. Now look here. I won't have strangers prowling about here ; we know there are spies in the camp. .

Green and Bull. Spies !

Col. Aye ! Spies, who are making plans of our entrenchments, and lists of our men ; they are known to be Spanish-Americans. It's death to the rascals when caught.

Green. But oi'm an Oirisham from Cork.

Bull. And I'm a Jew from Jerusalem.

[*Crosses, R. H. ; bugle call to arms ; drum rolls till COLONEL off.*]

Col. Ho, Sergeant !

Paul. Yes, Colonel.

Col. What are you doing ?

Paul. Writing a letter ; but I have finished now.

[*Seals letter.*]

Col. Follow me.

[*Exit, followed by PAUL ; MURPHY pacing up and down as sentry, R. to L.*]

Bull. 'Tis he ! And there he goes—the man whose death will bring us fortune. Oh, I vill give you von hundred times its weight in gold for de bullet dat find its vay to his heart.

Green. Mind a rope don't find its way round your neck.

Bull. And yours too, my vriend. (*Sees MURPHY.*) Hush, we must get rid of dese dam papers, and next ve must get rid of him. He was writing in that tent, you heard.

Green. We must read that letter.

Bull. But how ? (*Points to MURPHY.*) Look in when his back is turned. (*MURPHY paces off, R. I E.*) Ha ! Now.

Green. Roight ye are. (*Looks in, and comes out to BULLHEIMER, as MURPHY turns and passes to L.*) A packet of letters for Madame Valdoza.

Bull. Vot is to be done ?

Green. Dead aisy ! While I manage the sintry, steal the letters, and put in these. (*Gives papers.*) Do you tumble ?

Bull. Yes ; I fall off mysellef.

Green (*to MURPHY, whose back is to the tent, producing flask*). Some brandy. Will you drink ?

[*By this time BULLHEIMER is in tent, and opening letters.*]

Mur. Will I? Won't I.

[*Drinks.*

Green (*sings*). "For we are jolly good fellows, we are jolly good fellows," etc.

Mur. And so say all of us, hurrah! And so you are.

Green. Here is your good luck. (*Drinks.*) An' may you live till you die.

Mur. Here goes. An' may you be tin days in hiven before the divil hears of your death.

[*Drinks.*

Bull. (*comes out to GREEN*). Curse it; I've done the trick, but can't seal the packet.

Green. The divil! Nivir mind; have a drink.

Bull. Mid bleasure!

Green. Now, you. (*Gives back flask to MURPHY.*) I'll be back in a minute.

[*MURPHY about to resume walk.*

Bull. Try my flask. It is real Irish.

Mur. Raal Irish? Thin, bedad, I'll taste it as well; that the Spaniards shan't take it prisoner.

[*Drinks. GREEN has slipped into tent, melted wax at lamp, and re-sealed letter with his own seal, which is fastened to his watch chain.*

Bull. You seem to like it.

Mur. Loike it! Ain't I traiting it as a brother? [*Drinks.*

Green. Ah! me dear Paul, as I seal your letter, so I seal your fate.

Mur. Bedad, I won't have any more.

Bull. You can't. You've emptied the bottle.

[*As MURPHY turns and sees GREEN coming from tent.*

Mur. What the devil are you doing, man?

Green. I was looking for a light for me cigar from the lantern.

Mur. No one must go in there.

Green. Have the cigar, then. You know your duty.

Mur. Bedad, I will. [*Takes out knife and cuts it in half.*

Bull. What are you doing?

Mur. Cutting it in half--one half for myself, and one half for the Sergeant, who shared his tobacco with me.

Re-enter PAUL, L. I E.; takes packet from the tent.

Paul. Murphy, run with this packet for me, and give it to the Cuban ladies at headquarters.

[*MURPHY salutes and exit, L. PAUL goes in tent.*

Green. Now we have sprung the mine. Look out for a——

Bull. Blow up.

Nad. (*entering L. I E.*). 'Tis here they said that I should find him. Thanks to the flag of truce, I have come without danger. Dear Paul! how my heart leaps with the thought of meeting him.

Green (*seeing her*). Ah! This is a great pleasure. Me heart bates with joy to see your voice once more again.

Nad. Pardon me, sir, but——

Green. Anything you like.

Nad. You are the person, I believe, who has purchased the Romero estates, well knowing that he who sold them had no right to do so.

Green. Oh, me darlin', niver moind the estates——

Nad. Permit me to pass.

Green. Jist wan minute——

Nad. If you are a gentleman——

Green. I am an Irishman——

Paul (*coming out of tent*). Hulloo! What's this?

Green. Nothin' at all, at all, jist——

Paul (c.). Nadina! Nadina! [*Seeing her.*

Nad. Paul! [*They embrace and retire up.*

Green (*aside*). Damn him!

Bull. You got it in the neck-tie dot time.

Green. I'll be revenged for this.

Bull. Make it hot for him.

Green. Oi'll make it hot for him, for I hate him.

[*Exeunt, L. I E.*

Paul (*coming down with NADINA*). Dear Nadina, I hold you in my arms at last, and long and weary months of misery are forgotten.

Nad. Oh, Paul! Why did you leave America in anger, and the friends who loved you?

Paul. Did you not reject me—refuse my love because of my altered position?

Nad. No, Paul, no. It was because I myself had learnt that I was not the daughter of Madame Valdoza.

Paul. I have written to her; has she received my letter?

Nad. No! But she will be here directly; she is most anxious to see you. But, Paul, you are a sergeant—why were you promoted?

Paul. Because I didn't run away.

Nad. Run away? You, Paul—why, we are told that for your reckless bravery the regiment have called you "Dare-Devil Davis." But why were you promoted?

Paul. I scarcely know. It was a cold gray morning, the ground heavy, and the air thick and misty with the rain; the men were sleeping, everything about the camp was quiet and silent, when a strange and muffled sound was heard, and then in the dawning light a thick gray mass of moving men were seen, and the enemy were upon us; a shot was fired, the drums were beaten, the bugle called to arms, and in an instant the men sprang up to life and action. On came the enemy, mad

with drink and frenzy, and down we went to meet them, shoulder to shoulder, with a ringing American cheer. Ah! how many a brave and noble fellow shed his blood that day upon the wet and barren ground, and left the hearts he loved to mourn him.

Nad. But you, Paul—you?

Paul. I had no time to think, I had but to do, and with my comrades dispute every inch of ground, bayonet to bayonet, and foot to foot; our officers were killed, the ground was choked with the dying and the dead, and overwhelmed by numbers, we were losing ground, when with one last desperate shout we charged again, and drove the Spaniards back.

Nad. And did you think of me?

Paul. Your name was on my lips, and in my heart. I had a Spaniard down, a man who fought with desperate bravery throughout; there he lay helpless and fallen, my bayonet was at his heart—I looked into his pale, defiant face, and there I saw——

Nad. Mine?

Paul. Aye! Yours—the same dark earnest eyes, the same expression.

Nad. And you killed him?

Paul. No! Spared him; he was wounded and I brought him prisoner to the camp.

Nad. Have you seen him since?

Paul. No. I was promoted on the field of battle, and have since been too busy to visit him.

[Drums, trumpet; "The Salute."]

Enter COLONEL, MURPHY, and two SOLDIERS.

Col. (*crossing*). Sergeant, you are under arrest.

Paul (C., *with two* SOLDIERS). I, Colonel! For what?

Col. Let your conscience tell you. (*To NADINA.*) You must return to headquarters at once.

Nad. (L.). But Paul! Oh, sir, if he is in danger let me stay with him.

Col. Impossible! Conduct the lady back.

Nad. But, sir——

[Music, piano, continued.]

Col. Silence! (*Aside.*) Hang it, my mother was a woman. (*Aloud.*) Well—well—say farewell and leave him.

Paul. Have no fear, Nadina, there is some mistake—good-bye.

Nad. Good-bye!

[Going L., then looks back to PAUL, who goes to her, kisses her, and she exit, L. I E.]

Col. (*to* SOLDIERS, *who are following*). Bring back with you the Spanish prisoner taken by this man. (*SOLDIERS salute*

and exeunt, L. I E. To PAUL.) Now, to deal with you. I have received a communication to the effect that the papers we require are in a sealed packet, addressed to a Cuban lady in the camp.

Mur. (*up C.*). I hope there is no harm—there is the letter.
[Gives it to COLONEL.]

Paul (L.). That is my property.

Col. (R.). Young man, a grave and terrible charge hangs over your head; open that packet and clear yourself.

Paul. It is a private letter, and I deny your right to pry into its contents.

Col. Open that letter.

Paul. I decline.

Col. Beware, young man; you are suspected of an odious crime—of being a spy and a traitor to your country.

Paul. Colonel! such a charge is almost too absurd for even indignation—but I give you my word of honor, as a man, that packet contains only a private letter.

Col. Once more, will you open it?

Paul. No!

Col. Then my duty compels me to do so. Murphy, break the seal of that letter and hand me the contents.

Mur. I'd rather not.

Col. Obey orders.

Mur. Bedad, I must.

[Music. Opens packet, hands the contents to the COLONEL, retaining envelope.]

Col. (*reads*). Ha! what are these? Fetch the person to whom the packet was addressed. (*Exit MURPHY, L.*) So, so, a plan of the entrenchments, and a list of the men.

Paul. I—I—did not put them there—there is treachery.

Col. Treachery! Aye! But you are the traitor.

Paul. 'Tis false! my honor is as stainless as your own.

Col. (*to MURPHY, who returns*). Who gave this to you?

Mur. (L.). The Sergeant.

Col. Did it leave your hands till you broke the seal?

Mur. Divil a moment, Colonel.

Col. You hear! Oh, so young and yet so depraved! Were your crime less detestable, I could almost pity you.

Paul. I ask no pity—I demand justice.

Col. Then you ask for death—and a death the most disgraceful and revolting.

Mad. V. (*entering, L. I E.*). Paul!

[Goes to him and shakes hands.]

Col. (R.). Ah! You know the prisoner, madam?

Mad. V. (L.). The prisoner! (*Turns and sees the COLONEL.*)
Ha! My husband—and alive!

Col. My wife ! (MAD. VALDOZA *about advancing to him.*)
Stand back ! I have a stern and terrible duty to perform.

Enter two SOLDIERS with JOSE ESTRADA, L. I E.

Jose (L., *seeing PAUL*). The soldier who saved my life.

Col. Ha ! you speak English ?

Jose. I do.

Col. (R.). Your name ?

Jose. José Estrada. [PAUL and MAD. VALDOZA *start.*

Mad. V. (L. C. ; *to COLONEL*). One moment, as you value all
you hold dear in life. José Estrada, do you know me ?

Jose. Yes ! the Señora Romero.

Mad. V. 'Twas you who, twenty years ago, took away my
son. Where is he ?

Jose. I can tell you nothing. I have my duty to myself.

Col. How do you mean ?

Jose. I am among enemies.

Col. You are among Americans, who will treat you with
justice and humanity.

Paul (C.). Speak the truth, and you are safe.

Mad. V. Speak ! There stands the husband who has
doubted my love.

Jose. He was misled by a forged letter.

Col. Ah !

Mad. V. And the child, our son ? What has become of
him ?

Jose. He was adopted by an American gentleman.

Mad. V. His name ?

Jose. Davis.

Col. My son ! and I dare not take him to my heart. My
son ! A traitor and a spy !

Mad. V. A spy and a traitor !

Col. Aye. Proved here beyond a doubt.

Mad. V. But you will save him—your son ?

Col. Were he twenty times my son, I have a duty to perform.

[*A trumpet call, "The alarm," followed by roll of drums.*

Enter SOLDIER, L. I E., who gives dispatch to COLONEL.

Paul. Do not plead for me, mother, I am innocent. And
whatever my fate, I can meet it like a man.

[*Trumpet call, L., answered, R., by another call,
and drum roll.*

Col. (to JOSE). You are a prisoner, and must return to your
quarters. (To SOLDIERS). Conduct him back.

[**Exeunt** SOLDIERS with JOSE L. I. E.

Col. The attack has commenced. (To PAUL.) You are my
son, and Heaven knows I would have taken you to my heart

and loved you. But you stand dishonored in the eyes of man. On yonder battery waves the Spanish flag. (*Trumpet call, a charge, L., answered, R., by another call. Transparency in cloth, as if flames from the cannon mounted on the different batteries.*) A forlorn hope of volunteers are starting now to take it, and I would not see you die a traitor; the service is one of death. Go, then, and meet it like a soldier's son.

[*Trumpet calls as before. Reports of cannon.*

Mad. V. No, no!

Paul. I will! (*Trumpets and reports as before*). My honor is true and spotless as your own. But you, my father, doubt me. I'll seal its truth in death, or bring back a name you shall be proud to own. Good-bye, mother! If I fall, tell Nadina how I died—wronged and misjudged. Farewell! And now for the Spanish flag.

[*Runs up inclined platform, R., and disappears over earthwork. Men at back passing. Alarms, R., and L. Reports of cannon and transparencies in cloth.*

Col. (*to MAD. V.*). I must to my post. After many years your truth is proved. Let us not part in anger.

Mad. V. My son! You have killed him.

Col. He was dishonored.

Mad. V. 'Tis false!

Col. I am going into action, perhaps to death.

Mad. V. You have sent my son to his.

Col. My duty. Say farewell.

Mad. V. Never! Bring back my son alive, or take a mother's curse.

Col. Be it so! The fate I sent him to I'll share myself.

[*Rushes up platform, R., and disappears over earthwork, R. Alarms as before, reports, and transparency, cheers, etc.*

Nad. (*entering, L. I E.*). Paul! where is he?

GREEN and BULLHEIMER, enter, L. I E.

Green (*L.*). Let me tell you. Your brave soldier is with the forlorn hope.

Nad. (*L. C.*). Ha!

Green. He will die. He will be shot.

Nad. No! he will return.

[*Trumpets, drums, reports as before.*

Green. But not alive, or he must have the nine lives of a cat.

[*Trumpets, drums, reports. Re-enter COLONEL over platform, R.*

Col. (*R.*). The battery is taken, and the flag is down.

[*A loud cheer is heard at R.*

Mad. V. (*L.*). My son!

Nad. Paul ! Where is he ?

Enter PAUL *over platform with Spanish flag, R.*

Paul (*at top of platform*). Here ! Mother—Nadina ! (*A loud report.*) Ha ! [*He falls.*]

PICTURE.

SOLDIERS. SOLDIERS.

BULLHEIMER.

COLONEL. PAUL. COUNTESS. NADINA.

GREEN.

Music in Orchestra,

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Scene.—*Drawing-room of MADAME VALDOZA'S home near Santiago. A centre opening with steps leading to it, with a large window, showing landscape. Doors, R. and L. Table, L. Chairs, etc. Enter* CRICKET, *still in uniform, and* MRS. BULLHEIMER, C., *down steps. Music.*

Cric. Ef you'll wait, missy, I'll tell Mr. Bullheimer you are heah.

Mrs. B. But tell me, what are they doing here ?

Cric. Jes' as dey like ; dey are masters here, and 'specially dat oily I'shman. De missus no sooner found her son dan he was shot in the trenches—shot in de moment of victory, poor fellow—an' now dese two fellers who have bought de property have claimed it. How did you get here, missy ?

Mrs. B. Ah ! a woman will find her way anywhere when she wants a husband.

Cric. Here he comes now, missy. Shall I say you have arrived ?

Mrs. B. Please don't ; if you tell him I am here he'll want to be somewhere else. But what are they doing here ?

Cric. Jes' as dey like ; he and the I'shman are masters here.

Mrs. B. Put me somewhere, so that I can pounce upon him.

Cric. Step in here. (**MRS. BULLHEIMER enters room, L. I E.**) Yah ! yah ! Dey's going too be a hot time in de ole town to night. [*Retires up.*]

Enter GREEN *and* BULLHEIMER, L. *of C.*

Bull. I tell you you vas a humbug.

Green. What's that, ye Sheeny devil? Oi'll pull your nose.

Bull. No! You von't.

Green. Yis, I will. (*They quarrel; seeing CRICKET.*) But I forgive you.

Bull. I accept your abology. (*They shake hands. To CRICKET.*) Vill you have the bleasure to tell Madame Valdoza that ve would like the honor of an ——

Green. Interview.

Cic. De missus can't see no one nohow, but I will take your message. [Exit, L. door.

Enter JOSE ESTRADA, L. of C. down steps.

Bull. Ah! The letter to the Governor.

Jose. Impossible to deliver it; the American bombardment has only just ceased, and my countrymen, the Spaniards, will allow no one to leave the houses, as they wish to keep the inhabitants in entire ignorance of the state of the siege.

Bull. You are willing to serve us?

Jose. Why not? You offer to pay me well, and you offer me my freedom; and for two bribes I am yours, body and soul.

Green. And the girl, Nadina, she is your daughter?

Jose. No, the child of my brother.

Bull. And no one knows it!

Jose. The father and the mother both are dead; and no one knows it but myself.

Bull. And you intend to claim relationship with the young lady?

Jose. Yes.

Green. You loved your brother, eh?

Jose. Loved him? I loved the mother of Nadina, who married him. My disappointment did not breed much love, and for twenty years I've felt the rankling thirst for vengeance.

Green. And you shall have it. You serve my interest, I will give you freedom.

Jose. I am yours. I have those about me who will serve your purpose. We shall be ready when you call.

[Exit, C. to R.

Green. Ha! ha! Bullheimer, me boy, we win the game. We are safe now. We have been well paid. We have claimed the estate, and Paul is dead. Begorra, we've had a narrow squeak of it.

Bull. By chiminy, yes.

Green. The estate is ours. Where are the two papers that prove the change of children—the identity of Paul?

Bull. Here in my pocket.

Green. Suppose I put them in mine.

Bull. Suppose you don't.

Green. Suppose I do, thin.

Bull. I'll see you hanged first.

Green. Do you doubt me honor?

Bull. Do you doubt mine? [*They quarrel as before.*]

Green. No, no, you are a gentleman. (*Aside.*) I don't think.

Bull. And you're another.

Green. We will keep our rule to square up as we go. You shall keep one and I will keep the other.

Bull. Very well. Here they are.

[*Gives GREEN the choice. GREEN takes one.*]

Green. I have the one that certifies to the change of children.

Bull. And I have number two, dot certifies dot Paul vas dot same child.

Green. Ha! ha! Now Nadina will soon be mine. Oh, the charming Nadina!

Bull. Bah! She doesn't care a straw for you.

Green. Divil a care! She will soon care the whole haystack. You think she won't love me, because your wife made a fool of you with the plumber.

Bull. You say it again.

Green. Ha! ha! Your wife makes a fool of you—

Bull. Ah!

[*As he turns on GREEN, MRS. BULLHEIMER enters, L., and comes between them.*]

Mrs. B. (C.). You know better.

Bull. The devil—my wife!

Green. The divil! The little fat, fair and forty! I'm off.

[*Exit, C. to R.*]

Mrs. B. And so, Mr. Bullheimer, I have found you.

Bull. Yes, Mrs. Bullheimer.

Mrs. B. Oh! if I could harrow up your feelings! but you haven't any. If I could touch your heart! but it is only a pumping machine. Oh! why did you leave the beautiful home in Milwaukee?

Bull. (R.). Because the drains were bad.

Mrs. B. (L.) Didn't I look after your little comforts?

Bull. Yes, gave me pigs' feet for breakfast.

Mrs. B. Because you had been tipsy over night. Didn't I look after your clothes and give you clean shirts and collars?

Bull. Yes, frayed at the edges, covered with iron moulds, and burst at the button-holes.

Mrs. B. Oh, Bullheimer, and when you came home tipsy at three o'clock in the morning, and wanted to go to bed with your boots on, what did I do?

Bull. Emptied the water jug over me.

Mrs. B. Wasn't I kind to your friends ?

Bull. Yes, too kind when they were good-looking young men.

Mrs. B. Bullheimer !

Bull. How about the plumber, who always came when I was out ?

Mrs. B. People always are out when the plumber comes.

Bull. Yes, but you were at home to him.

Mrs. B. What do you mean, Bullheimer ?

Bull. When I was out, did you not receive the visits of the plumber, who put on my dressing-gown, wore my slippers, mopped up my whisky, and smoked my cigars ?

Mrs. B. Who told you so ?

Bull. Somebody who saw him.

Mrs. B. Who ?

Bull. My friend and partner Green.

Mrs. B. Oh ! oh ! of course he saw him.

Bull. Ah !

Mrs. B. And in the dressing-gown and slippers ?

Bull. Oh !

Mrs. B. And smoking your cigars ?

Bull. Ah ! and told me like a friend—good Green !

Mrs. B. Of course, good Green saw all this ! Because he himself was the plumber.

Bull. What ?

Mrs. B. The little villain tried to mislead me, and make a fool of you, and then fearing I should tell you, has made all the mischief. Bullheimer, I have been a true and good woman to you.

Bull. Are you sure of it ?

Mrs. B. Quite sure.

Bull. Then come to my arms.

Mrs. B. Moses !

Bull. Rebecca !

{ *Embrace.*

Mrs. B. Bullheimer ! This man is a scamp.

Bull. He is.

Mrs. B. And you're another. You come with me and I'll show you a letter in his own handwriting, proving his treachery to you. Come—come.

Bull. Oh ! oh ! Mr. Pea Green—you then were the blumber ; but beware the roused lion.

Mrs. B. Moses !

Bull. Rebecca !

[*Exeunt, R. I E.*

Enter MAD. V., in mourning, with CRICKET, L.

Mad. V. Cricket ! Why has the firing ceased ?

Cric. I don't know—the people are all forbidden to leave their houses now.

Mad. V. At all risks I will leave this place—I cannot endure the presence of these two men.

Cric. But where will you go, missy?

Mad. V. Ah! where, indeed? I am utterly ruined by this war—my land devastated—the crops destroyed—my houses burnt to the ground. Oh, where—where shall I find friends!

Cric. You can jes' reckon on me, missy. Yes, indeed you can.

Enter GREEN, C. from L.

Green (*down L.*). And another in me.

Mad. V. You have proved the kind of friendship yours is, Mr. Green; it is the friendship of the serpent when he winds his coils round his victim. Friendship! The friendship of the adder.

Green. If I am an adder, begorra, mind I do not sting.

Mad. V. Go, Cricket.

Cric. Yes, missy.

]Exit, L.

Green. You know that I am the owner of what was your property? That your son was shot.

Mad. V. My boy—my brave boy!

Green. Ah! a tear is in your eye. I love Nadina; let her become my wife, then the property shall still be yours.

Mad. V. Never! Nadina your wife! I would rather see her in her grave.

[Crosses, L.

Enter NADINA, C. from L.

Nad. (C.). Mother! What is this!

Mad. V. (L.). Nothing, my child.

Green. (R. H.). I wait my answer from the lady herself.

Mad. V. Nadina, my darling, this man dared to propose for your hand in marriage.

Nad. Ah! Does he not know?

Green. I know that the young man you love is dead—is gone never to return, and the love you gave to him I ask for myself.

Nad. Paul! My brave, my noble-hearted Paul, how handsome, how bright and glorious he looked, how proud and happy as he bore the Spanish colors in his hand. Oh! mother, mother, would that I could die! **[Sinks in chair.**

Mad. V. Hush, Nadina, hush, I too have my sorrow to bear.

Nad. Mother!

Mad. V. He was my boy, he would have been your husband. And in your young lives, in your happiness, I should have found my own. No; you shall never be his. You have your answer. No!

Green. But I insist.

Nad. Nay, mother, let me hear him.

Mad. V. Then, sir, be brief. [*Retires up, C. and off to L.*]

Green. Ah! Me darlin', why can't you love me?

Nad. Love, Mr. Green, is created by love, and fostered by kindness, devotion, and self-sacrifice, not by threats and persecution.

Green. My heart is kind, and I would not threaten you, nor persecute. My love for you has changed my life. For you, I can be as good as the angels; for you, I can be bad as the devils; for good or bad you can make me what you will.

Nad. I have told you, sir, I have no love to give.

Green. You gave it to a boy—a boy who knew not how to prize the jewel he had won and was a spy and a traitor.

Nad. 'Tis false! How dare you malign the dead, and to me, who knew him the soul of honor?—he lived a blameless life, and died a soldier's death.

Green. He was a spy.

Nad. He was a man, and worthy to command a woman's love—I have no love for you.

Green. If you have no love for me you will have no home for yourself; your mother will starve; be my wife and save your mother.

Nad. Starve!

Green. Yes, for the property is now mine, and one little word of yours can save her.

Nad. (*aside*). She has been more than a mother to me, gave me years of tender watchfulness and love. I owe my life and more to her, and is she not the mother of Paul?

Green. I wait your answer?

Nad. If what you say be true—if—if there be no other means to save her——

Green. You will be my wife?

Nad. For her sake I—I——

Green. Ah!

[*As he goes to take her hand* **MAD. VALDOZA enters C. from L. and comes between.]**

Mad. V. Never! Rather than accept the sacrifice, I would go and labor in the fields; rather than see her your wife I would lay her dead at my feet.

Nad. Mother!

Mad. V. Hush, child. Come what may, with one sacred memory, one chain of love between us, will live and die together.

Green. You will not let her be my wife; then her father will.

Mad. V. Her father!

Green. Yis, my lady. When you gave your son into that



peasant's hands you took his daughter in exchange. Nadina is that daughter. Here is the document that proves it.

Nad. No ! no !

Mad. V. This is one of the very papers that help to prove Paul beyond a doubt to be my son. You have overreached yourself, Mr. Green. Her father is dead.

Green. No ; he is alive.

Nad. (*screams and falls on her knees*). No ! no ! you will have pity—mercy !

Mad. V. You will not enforce this claim ?

Green. I will—I do. (*Calls.*) Jose Estrada !

Enter JOSE and two SERVANTS, C. from R.

Nad. Oh, sir, have you no human feeling in your heart !

Green. The one human feeling in my heart is my love for you. Jose Estrada, is this your child.

Jose. (*up C.*). I have but one child ?

Green (*R.*). And she ?

Jose. And she is there—Nadina, my child.

Nad. (*L. C.*). Ah !

Green. Take away your child.

Jose. Come !

Nad. Oh, mercy ! Look at my mother. She has lost her son, and in this great un pitying world has no one but me. We are two weak, defenceless woman. Oh ! are you human ? Are you a man ?

Green. Go with your father !

Nad. Never ! (*Drum roll ; rushing up*). Ah !

Green. You have no hope, no chance. Paul is dead ; you are mine.

Enter PAUL, in officer's uniform, C. from L.

Paul (*C.*). No, alive, and Nadina's mine.

[**MAD. V.** and **NADINA** rush to his arms.]

Mad. V. Tell, my boy, how you were saved ?

Paul. After the return charge of the Spaniards in which you were captured and I shot, I was found by a body of our troops with so little life in me that I was laid for burial, and my name was sent in amongst the list of killed ; but I was found at the last moment by the Colonel, to whom I owe my life, and who in the crisis of my danger, nursed me back to life with a woman's gentleness. My father !

Enter COLONEL EDWARDS, C. from R.

Mad. V. (*L.*). The Colonel !

Col. (*L. C.*). Catherine, you told me to bring you back your son and he is there. We are not youthful lovers now, and in

the vale of life the best word the human heart can learn is "Forget."

Mad. V. "And Forgive." (*She gives her hand.*) You give me back my son, take back my love.

Col. I now see the injustice I have done the lad. He's a fine fellow. I have but one regret—one cloud; the spy's papers found in his possession; and I have promised the day he proves his innocence I will acknowledge him as my son.

Mad. V. And why not now?

Col. Because there is still a cloud upon his honor, and until it is cleared I cannot hold out my hand to him and say, "Paul, my son."

Paul (R. C., to GREEN, R.). Now I will deal with you.

Green. (R. H.). Wid me? And who the divil are you?

Paul. (R. C.). Paul Edwards, the heir to the Romero estate and to this property.

Green. Ha! ha! You have no proof at all.

Mrs. V. But I have one, (*Producing paper.*) For this very deed by which you would make Nadina yours proves Paul to be my son.

Enter MR. and MRS. BULLHEIMER, R. I E.

Paul. Do you deny that I am Paul Edwards?

Green. I do.

Paul. You cannot deny the authority of this document, which proves my mother's story.

Green. No! no! But you cannot prove that you are that son. That paper proves nothing.

Col. (*having read the paper*). True! For this paper only proves that your son was a male, and at his birth was exchanged for a female child, the daughter of José Estrada. This is no proof that you, Paul, are that child.

Green (*crossing to L.*). Ha! ha! but you have no proof of that.

Bull. (R. C.). No, they haven't, but I have.

All. You!

Bull. And here it is. (*Gives paper to PAUL.*) Signed by Mr. Davis, properly attested, and proving you, with the other document, to be, beyond a doubt, Paul Edwards. And more—José Estrada confessed to me that this girl, Nadina, was not his daughter, but the daughter of his brother.

Green. Ah! Traitor!

Bull. Square as we go. This is the plumber's bill.

Green. Oh! If I had your heart in my hand, your head under my heel!

Paul. Now, Mr. Green, we will settle up. These two documents were stolen from my tent, and the hand that stole

them was the spy's—yours was the hand, and you the traitor. Here is the envelope. It has been opened and resealed. This is not my seal.

Green. Not yours. Who's then?

Paul. Whose? (*Comes down to GREEN, L., and suddenly breaks off seal from his watch chain and compares it with packet.*) Why, yours. (*Chord.*) Mr. Green. See the traitor.

Col. It is so beyond a doubt. Paul, my son, your hand.

Paul. Father!

Green (*aside*). I've got into hot water, begorra, and it begins to boil.

Col. (R. C.) So you were the traitor then, eh?

Green. I and me partner—let him share the honor, for we share as we go.

Col. No. For in consideration of his services his life will be spared.

Bull. (R. C.). Good-bye, Green; we have rowed in the same boat, but we sha'n't be hanged by the same rope.

Mrs. B. (R.) Now we will return to Milwaukee.

Bull. Only, no plumbers, mind.

Green. Still, you have not conquered; we are in Santiago, under the protection of the Spanish flag—you cannot touch me here. [*Music. Military band. Piano, and worked up forte.*]

Col. You are mistaken, Mr. Green, the Spanish kept you prisoners in the house so that you should not learn the truth. The Americans are in possession of the city.

[*Crosses to MAD. V., L.*]
Green (*crossing C.*). But not of this house. The servants are all Spanish, devoted to my interest, and your lives are at my mercy. José! José! Now is your time for vengeance.

[*PAUL and NADINA throwing open large window at back, the bayonets and colors are marching past, as in Act I. As GREEN rushes to C., to L., calling, MURPHY and two SOLDIERS enter and handcuff him quickly.*]

Col. Ha! ha! too late.

Paul (*at window, C.*). For the American flag waves over Santiago. [*As the bayonets and colors pass the window, the march is forte.*]

Bayonets and colors.

PAUL, *on steps at window, C.*

NADINA.

MURPHY,

JOSE ESTRADA,

GREEN,

Two SOLDIERS,

MRS. BULLHEIMER,

COLONEL,

BULLHEIMER.

MAD. V.

CURTAIN.



NEW PLAYS.

THE BOHEMIANS.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

By E. J. COWLEY.

Eight male and four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, easy, an interior and an exterior—not elaborate. This is a piece in an attractive, light-comedy vein with a strong sympathetic interest and great dramatic strength. Its scenes and characters strongly suggest those of "Trilby," which, however, it resembles only in that it concerns itself also with art and artists. Jack Brandt is an admirable heroic part; Madge, a strong lead; Bertie Follet and Blanche, very "up-to-date" light comedy; Dale, Smiley and Freddy Sprout, a good group. Noel (heavy) and Mrs. Van Slick (character) both good. A strong piece for a good company, in its unusual combination of lightness and strength. Plays a full evening.

Price . . . 15 cents.

Synopsis.

ACT I.—Poverty. Jack's studio. Freddie's flowers. The Bohemians. Mirth and music. Jack and Noel. The busy bee. A windfall. The pangs of poverty. "The dream of my life." Madge's love affair. An advance agent. The dawn of prosperity. "The noble stranger." Jack's sacrifice. The legacy. Luck at last.

ACT II.—Riches. A little cloud. "That horrid pipe." Mrs. Van Slick and the Major. An up-to-date engagement. The deceived dude. A cooling heart. Madge, the tom-boy. The Major's advice. Madge's discovery. "Forgive me, Jack; I might have known." The Bohemians again. Noel drops the mask. "I am the master here." Jack's dog. Disowned. Jack's word. "From this moment we are strangers."

ACT III.—Poverty again. The studio. Freddie and his sixteen-pounder. Back to the old home. Madge's surprise. Jack's reward. Noel's claim. "The past is at an end." "Take me, Jack, for it is you I love." The Bohemians once more. "Blessed are the poor."

ROONEY'S RESTAURANT.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

By F. E. HILAND,

Author of "THE OLD COUNTRY STORE," "A TOWN MEETING,"
"CARELESS CUPID," "CAPTAIN SWELL," ETC.

Four male and two female characters. Scene, a plain room; costumes, modern and eccentric. An admirable farce, thoroughly American and modern in its humor. An Irishman, a Western desperado, a dude and an old maid are mingled in a side-splitting fabric of fun lasting twenty minutes. This piece is strongly recommended to those who want good broad humor and lots of it. It is not a school or parlor piece.

Price . . . 15 cents.

A NEW FARCE COMEDY.

THE WIDOW FROM THE WEST.

A FARCE COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

By HILTON COON.

Five male, three female characters. Scene, an easy interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern and eccentric. This piece, which was successfully presented for a season by the Don C. Hall Comedy Company, touring the Western States, is a farce comedy of the irresponsible school founded by Mr. Hoyt. Depending largely for its fun upon the contributions of individual humor of its players, it reciprocates by supplying a strong, if loosely woven, fabric of plot which can be embroidered with "specialties" to any extent. Plot is not usually a strong point in such pieces, but "The Late Mrs. Early," as it has also been called, provides quite enough to carry the interest of the performance successfully. The piece has plenty of incident and "business," and room for much more, and its characters provide an excellent basis for clever comedians to build "hits" upon. Not recommended for schools or church performance, as it is essentially theatrical in character.

Price 15 Cents.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—The Weeping Willow Hotel. Indis Guys, the detective. Back from Klondike. "After the ball." The old maid's visit. A clever scheme. The Widow from the West. "If I was n't a married man." The rivals. A telegram. Sick abed. Angelina arrives.

ACT II.—The two nurses. Sassafras tea. The bell-boy. Touched for two hundred. "Charge it in the bill." The red silk stocking. The detective again. "No one has ever seen my face." A noted criminal. Touched again. "Discharging" the boarders. "Ephesus, you have deceived me." Angelina defied.

ACT III.—"One-eyed Eddie." The French maid. The widow and the detective. Knit vs Nit. "O Dusty! this is so sudden." A clock in a fit. The haunted house. Touched again. More fits. "Just like a man's beard." Caught at last. The telegram. "What's the diff—I've got on pants?" Angelina abolished.

AN ENGAGING POSITION.

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

By LEWIS E. MACBRAYNE.

Three male, three female characters. A briskly and humorously written little comedy, with an ingenious plot, full of ludicrous situations. A society piece, admirably adapted for amateur performance, and calling for pretty though not elaborate stage settings, and handsome modern costuming, morning and evening dress. Its story concerns a young society man, who, by a series of mistakes, becomes engaged to three young ladies at one time—a somewhat trying and difficult position, the solution of which is ingeniously accomplished with most amusing results. An excellent piece, and a sure hit in the proper hands.

Price 15 Cents.

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BAKER, 5 HAMILTON PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

A NEW CUBAN PLAY.

THE ROUGH RIDER.

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

By BERNARD F. MOORE.

Seven male, two female characters. Costumes modern and military; scenery easy but effective. This piece, reflecting as it does the current patriotic sentiment and dealing with the scenes and incidents of the late war, is likely to be very popular with amateur clubs this season. The attempt has been made in it to construct an effective play, providing stirring pictures and situations, inspiring patriotic sentiment, and recalling familiar incidents of the war, without the use of supernumeraries or the need of elaborate scenery or properties. Better plays, no doubt, can be written, but better plays for the use of amateurs, bearing in mind their artistic limitations and the difficulties offered by elaborate scenery and groupings, are not often to be had. A small cast, strongly marked characters, Negro and Irish comedy parts, rapid movement and strong lines unite to recommend this piece, which plays about two hours.

Price 15 Cents.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—War clouds. The new overseer. Father and son. The blowing-up of the "Maine." A glimpse into the past. A scheme of revenge. An Irishman's courtship. Nigger *vs.* Irish. A serious question. A declaration of love and another of war. The call for volunteers. "Take that, you Spanish dog!" The first blow for the freedom of Cuba.

ACT II.—Sergeant Rafferty. The Rough Riders. Alma in danger. The Cuban spy. A letter. Sam and Dennis. "Chickens, or I'm a liar!" A meeting. News from Manila. Traitors in camp. Danger. The poisoned water. The abduction. "We'll save him or die in the attempt!"

ACT III.—In a Spanish prison. A black angel. Explanations. Planning an escape. The villain shows his hand. A forced marriage. "Remember! a Spaniard never forgets." The Cuban spy again. The bombardment of Santiago. Laying low. The marriage ceremony. The tables turned. "There's one blow for the Stars and Stripes." The fall of Santiago.

ACT IV.—Peace once more. A mysterious stranger. Suspensions. The Spanish kidnapper. Señor Rafferty's proposal. A colored "best man." The broken dishes. Throwing off the mask. "I am no servant." In the nick of time. Rescued. A cowardly trick. "Pedro, you have saved my life."

AN OPEN SECRET.

A FARCE IN TWO ACTS.

FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

By MARION D. CAMPBELL.

As originally presented by the Emmanuel Club, Radcliffe College, Cambridge. Ten female characters. Costumes, outing dresses; scene, a college room. A particularly bright and vivacious little glimpse of college life, presenting a particularly humorous and characteristic story with much vigor and skill. A brand new plot in a piece for female characters only is something of a rarity, but the author has hit upon something absolutely novel in this piece, and full of incidental humor and interest. Strongly recommended.

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A NEW COMEDY.

A GILDED YOUTH.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

By CHARLES TOWNSEND.

Originally produced under the title of "Moses." Three male, two female characters. Scenery, three easy interiors; costumes, modern. This piece, originally produced by the author and employed by him for several seasons as part of his repertoire, provides for a full evening's entertainment and yet calls for but five characters. It is unique in this particular, and meets a want often felt by small professional companies as well as by amateurs. It naturally follows that every part is an important one, since so few people are required to carry the interest of the piece, which is second to none of the author's extensive list, and possesses to the full those qualities of briskness, bustle, wit, humor, and "go" which constitute his professional trademark. Its story is necessarily a slender one, but it is complicated with an unusual wealth of humorous incident and ludicrous situation, and its action never flags for an instant. An "all star" comedy for low comedian, "touch and go" light comedian, old man, old maid, and sou-brette. Strongly recommended.

Price 25 Cents.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Time, a midsummer afternoon. Long Branch. A romantic maiden. The Colonel gets news. Sam and Sadie. The pitcher of milk and the tale of a cat. Aunt Sadie's "nerves." Moses! A case of mix. Sam gains a promise. Trouble threatened. Trouble comes. A grand smash.

ACT II.—Five minutes later. Sam's letter. Law and love. Sadie's suggestions. The "Slugger." Sam on his muscle. Moses and the Colonel. More mistakes. "Settled out of court." The broken promise. Moses a wreck. "I want revenge." A joint-stock love-letter. Sam's device. Aunt Sadie sees a chance at last. Sam reads the Riot Act. Comical climax.

ACT III.—An hour later. At the Colonel's. Aunt Sadie grows impatient. Moses more mystified. Sam talks politics with the usual result. The Colonel on the warpath. Sadie's scheme. "Back me up now." The storm approaches. A cyclone—of fun. Sam's triumph. "After the storm, a calm."

A NOVELTY IN ENTERTAINMENTS.

APOLLO'S ORACLE.

By ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

An entertainment in one act. This novel entertainment is admirably adapted for summer theatricals at hotels or country-houses, not only because it requires no scenery and calls for Greek costumes only, which are easily arranged, but because its fun depends as much upon the audience as upon the actors. Two ladies and one boy are required for its representation, and any number of girls for chorus. Complete with music.

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NEW PLAYS.

A RIVAL BY REQUEST.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

By B. L. C. GRIFFITH.

Author of "A BACHELOR'S DIVORCE."

Six male and five female characters. Costumes, modern and appropriate; scenery, two interiors. This is a comedy with an exceptionally well-constructed and interesting plot, abundant incident, and an unusual variety of character and humor. Its misunderstandings are ingenious and unforced and extremely laughable, and Pierson's confusion of Lord Anthony McMullin and Alexander Muggins, a source of unfailing mirth. In its well-marked contrasts and uniformly strong character it offers a peculiarly advantageous vehicle for the talent of a good amateur club. Plays two hours and a half without a dull moment. The dialogue is particularly rapid and brilliant.

Price 15 cents.

Synopsis.

ACT I. — Pierson and the cornet. Getting out of an engagement. The Briggs family. Smythe's English valet. On the move. Muggins. The lord or the lackey. Briggs and the bargain counter. Lord McMullin. A sad mistake. Love at first sight. The new boarders. The plot thickens. A crisis. Engaged to two women at once. Bad for Pierson.

ACT II. — Cutting the knot. A useless servant. A lord for a lover. More misunderstandings. Briggs' nightmare. Nobody's fool. The ladies combine. Husbands on strike. Defiance. Briggs and the ballet. A three-cornered row. Pierson explains. The two McMullins. Revelations. A broken engagement. Another. Worse for Pierson.

ACT III. — Pierson in a plight. The two B's on a bat. "It's our wives' fault." An artful stratagem. The telegram. A plot that didn't work. Fixing it up. Muggins on thin ice. The two fiancées. Smythe's return. McMullin's restoration to the nobility. Worst for Pierson. Explanations. A show of hands. Pairing off. Muggins goes back to private life. The band plays "Annie Laurie."

THE REVOLVING WEDGE.

A FOOTBALL ROMANCE IN ONE ACT.

By THORNTON M. WARE and GEORGE P. BAKER.

Five male and three female characters. Costumes and scenery very simple. A capital farce, particularly adapted for Thanksgiving Day performances. Its excellent and original plot cleverly utilizes the universal mania for football, and builds up from this foundation an admirable progression of incidents leading to a most laughable conclusion. Its method will at once suggest that of the popular "Obstinate Family," and it can be safely recommended to any one who has liked that piece. Plays nearly an hour.

Price 15 cents.

NEW PLAYS.

New Hampshire Gold.

A COMEDY-DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

By KATHERINE E. RAND.

Eight male, six female characters. Scenery easily arranged; costumes, modern. An excellent piece, interesting in story, and full of shrewd and humorous character. It has a strong melodramatic interest, but its general atmosphere is homely and domestic, placing it in the class of plays to which "The Old Homestead" belongs. It provides some capital parts, both serious and humorous, and is well suited for the simplest conditions under which amateur theatricals are given. Printed from an acting copy which has been successfully performed. Plays two hours.

Price, 15 Cents.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. At the Gerrishes. The thirst of gold. "A poor fool." David and Daisy. Lessons in flirtation. The laziest man on the farm. Putting out the fire. The landslide. The speculator from Boston. An old fox. The gold mine. "I'm determined to marry a very rich man." The partnership. David's refusal.

ACT II. The mortgage. Christie's misgivings. Salting the mine. The lost letter. "The Boston feller." Mandi's paper dolly. A clue. To the mine. "Whatever it is, Christie Gerrish is gon' to be in it." Caught in the act. Dissembling. The speculator's revenge. Daisy's interrupted vow. The awful tidings. Daisy true gold. "I don't care if it's ten thousand nights; let me go, mother, let me go!"

ACT III. The dead speculator. The convalescent. "As cross as two sticks." A lost memory. Jack and Daisy. A misunderstanding. The Colonel's daughter. "That letter." Gid and Bijah. A thunderstorm, which clears the air. The crisis. David's sacrifice. "I've never been able to remember anything about it." The mortgage. The debt paid. "I am the richest man in the world."

A Tell-Tale Eyebrow.

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

By ESTHER B. TIFFANY.

Author of "A RICE PUDDING," "A MODEL LOVER," ETC.

Two male, four female characters. Scenery, an easy interior; costumes, modern and elegant. A very pretty and graceful little piece of healthy sentiment and refined humor, perfectly adapted for amateur performers and appealing to the best taste in such matters. In story and treatment alike, this latest piece is agreeably characteristic of the author of "A Rice Pudding," and can hardly fail to please the taste to which that popular piece so successfully appealed. Plays an hour and a quarter.

Price, 15 Cents.

NEW ENTERTAINMENTS.

BLIGHTED BUDS.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

By JULIA DE W. ADDISON,

Author of "A FALSE NOTE," "UNDER A SPELL," ETC.

Four male and four female characters. Costumes, modern; scene, a garden. An excellent farce of the more refined type, full of fun, but never broad or boisterous in its humor. John Smith, an enterprising drummer, Prof. Palman, a timid scientist, Pat and Katy, Irish servants, and Drusilla Durham, a sentimental spinster, are all capital parts. Strongly recommended.

Price 15 cents.

The Grand Baby Show.

AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

WRITTEN AND ORIGINALLY PRODUCED BY THE

SISTERS OF MERCY,

MERIDEN, CONN.

For one boy and from ten to twenty-five little girls. This is a platform entertainment, no scenery being necessary, and the costumes are very easily arranged. The idea and action of the piece are sufficiently indicated by its title. It was highly successful in its original performance by the Sisters of Mercy, Meriden, Conn., and is recommended on this ground as well as for the novelty of the idea. It is presented partly in dialogue, but largely in choruses, and the original music, complete, accompanies the songs. A very pretty march is an effective incident of the piece. An excellent children's entertainment.

Price 15 cents.

The New Woman.

A FARCICAL SKETCH.

With One Act, One Scene and One Purpose.

By GEORGE RUGG,

One male and three female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, very simple. This is a bright and up-to-date little skit upon a very old subject that never ceases to be entertaining. "The New Woman" is put through a few modern paces with amusing results. Plays only fifteen minutes.

Price 15 cents.

NEW PLAYS.

QUITS.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

Two male and three female characters. Costumes, modern ; scene, an easy interior. This is a "college" play, the scene being laid at White Elms Seminary, and the story a brisk account of what might easily have happened there between a couple of larky Harvard seniors and their sweethearts, while trying to outwit the stern old Griffin of the establishment. Full of movement, vivacity and interest. Perfectly easy to play and full of entertainment. Adapted to floor or hall. Plays forty-five minutes.

Price 15 cents.

CAPTAIN SWELL.

A NEGRO FARCE IN TWO SCENES.

By F. E. HILAND.

Author of "A TOWN MEETING," "ROONEY'S RESTAURANT," ETC.

Five male and two female characters. Scenes, a street and an interior. Costumes, eccentric. A very funny piece with lots of character and incident, illustrating a phase of the struggle between "capital and labor." Sambo, Swell's servant, is a capital low-comedy part ; Dusty and Seedy, two "bums," are good bits, and Swell, his wife, daughter and her dude lover, a good comedy group. Plays fifteen minutes.

Price 15 cents.

CARELESS CUPID.

A NEGRO FARCE IN ONE ACT.

By F. E. HILAND.

Author of "THE OLD COUNTRY STORE," "THE LADY LAWYER," ETC.

Three male and two female characters. Scene, a plain interior ; costumes, eccentric. This is an amusing piece, full of "business" and comic incident. It can be played with white faces and one negro low-comedy character (Cupid), or all black faces, as preferred. Plays twenty minutes.

Price 15 cents.

THE MAN IN THE CASE.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

By WINTHROP PACKARD.

Six female characters. Costumes, modern; scenes, two interiors. Another good answer to the old question, "How can we get up a play without any men?" This piece provides a story of considerable interest and dramatic strength, and even a mild love-interest, without the employment of any male characters. Its humor is refined, its dialogue bright, and its plot absolutely new and unlike other pieces of this sort. Written for and originally produced by the Emmanuel Club, of Radcliffe College, it is naturally well suited for performance in similar institutions. Madame Bogusky, an esoteric Buddhist, Alice Roquet, a translation into the French, and Gladys, a Radcliffe Senior, are excellent parts.

Price 25 cents.

Synopsis.

ACT I.—Aline, the French-Irish maid. A new phrase—"wirrasthrue!" The love-lorn maid. "Her Jack." Consulting the Mahatmas. Two Radcliffe seniors. Common sense *vs.* Theosophy. A girl's remedy. Madame Bogusky and the cosmic cycles. Another Jack. "Everybody's Jack." JACKS ARE TRUMPS.

ACT II.—The ladies' department. A messenger from India. More about Jack. Going to Harvard. Cap and gown. "The ghost-letter." A great (astral) light breaks upon Mrs. Montessor. Following suit. "Thim fancy shrouds." JACKS ARE TRUMPED.

ACT III.—Radcliffe dormitory. A college girl's room. A strange man. Aline's arrival. The power of the Mahatmas. An elopement. "A pad for red ink." Fumigation. Ominous "signs." The search. "The real Mr. Williams." Explanations. JACK TAKES THE TRICK,

COUSIN FRANK.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

By FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS,

Author of "A FINISHED COQUETTE," "WOING A WIDOW," ETC.

Five female characters. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior, or none at all. A bright little piece, treating the old problem of "An Adamless Eden" in a new way. It has an entertaining story and bright and vivacious dialogue, which cannot fail to give twenty minutes of pleasure in parlor or hall.

Price 15 cents.

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THE BOOK OF DRILLS.

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A series of entertainments for parlor or hall by MARY B. HORNE, author of "THE BOOK OF DRILLS," Parts I and II; "THE PEAK SISTERS," "PROF. BAXTER'S GREAT INVENTION," ETC.

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THE SOAP-BUBBLE DRILL	<i>For sixteen girls.</i>
THE HARVESTERS	<i>For eight girls and eight boys.</i>
THE BREAD-AND-MILK DRILL	<i>For very little children.</i>

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A DRAMATIC SKETCH IN ONE SCENE.

By W. R. WALKES.

For one lady and one gentleman. A clever and amusing little piece, suitable for stage or platform. Requires no scenery, and plays about twenty minutes.

Price, 15 Cents.

THE MAGISTRATE.

The merits of this excellent and amusing piece, one of the most popular of its author's plays, are well attested by long and repeated runs in the principal American theatres. It is of the highest class of dramatic writing, and is uproariously funny, and at the same time unexceptionable in tone. Its entire suitability for amateur performance has been shown by hundreds of such productions from manuscript during the past three years. Plays two hours and a half. (1892.)

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. EBBSMITH.

belong, and while strongly dramatic, and intensely interesting is not suited for amateur performance. It is recommended for Reading Clubs. (1895.)

THE PROFLIGATE.

costumes, modern. This is a piece of serious interest, powerfully dramatic in movement, and tragic in its event. An admirable play, but not suited for amateur performance. (1892.)

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

ern; scenery, three interiors, easily arranged. This ingenious and laughable farce was played by Miss Rosina Vokes during her last season in America with great success. Its plot is amusing, its action rapid and full of incident, its dialogue brilliant, and its scheme of character especially rich in quaint and humorous types. The Hon. Vere Queckett and Peggy are especially strong. The piece is in all respects suitable for amateurs. (1894.)

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY.

formance. It is offered to Mr. Pinero's admirers among the reading public in answer to the demand which its wide discussion as an acted play has created. (1894.)

Also in Cloth, \$1.00.

SWEET LAVENDER.

same for all three acts; costumes, modern and fashionable. This well known and popular piece is admirably suited to amateur players, by whom it has been often given during the last few years. Its story is strongly sympathetic, and its comedy interest abundant and strong. (1893.)

THE TIMES.

A Comedy in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Six male and seven female characters. Scene, a single elegant interior; costumes, modern and fashionable. An entertaining piece, of strong dramatic interest and admirable satirical humor. (1892.)

THE WEAKER SEX.

A Comedy in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and eight female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors, not difficult. This very amusing comedy was a popular feature of the repertoire of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in this country. It presents a plot of strong dramatic interest, and its incidental satire of "Woman's Rights" employs some admirably humorous characters, and inspires many very clever lines. Its leading characters are unusually even in strength and prominence, which makes it a very satisfactory piece for amateurs. (1894.)

A Farce in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Twelve male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, all

A Drama in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Eight male and five female characters; scenery, all interiors. This is a "problem" play continuing the series to which "The Profligate" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"

A Play in Four Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Seven male and five female characters. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate;

A Farce in Three Acts. By ARTHUR W. PINERO. Nine male, seven female characters. Costumes, modern

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NEW OPERETTAS

EDITH'S DREAM

An Operetta for Children.

Words by MARGARET FEZANDIÉ and EDGAR MORETTE.

Music by EUGÈNE FEZANDIÉ, Jr.

Eleven characters, girls and boys, or all girls, as preferred; ten or more additional for chorus. Scenery unnecessary; costumes, pretty and fanciful, but easily arranged at home. This admirable little piece is printed complete with music. It is very tuneful and gracefully imagined, and is strongly recommended for private theatricals or for schools. It is particularly well suited for the latter use, as it deals whimsically with the question of youthful study, inculcating, however, an excellent moral.

Price 35 cents.

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A Collection of Short and Simple Musical
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By MRS. G. N. BORDMAN.

This collection provides a simple operetta, a fairy opera, a picturesque motion song, a quaint musical pantomime, a pretty musical sketch, and two original humorous recitations for children, complete, with all the music, and full instructions for performance. The music is tuneful and simple, and is specially written with the tastes and limitations of children in view. The solos are easily learned and sung, and all the choruses are written for voices in unison. The collection is strongly recommended for its simplicity and perfect practicability. Neither stage nor scenery is demanded, nor any other requirements that cannot be met without trouble by the equipment of the ordinary hall or church vestry, and the zeal of the most economical committee of arrangements.

Price 50 cents.

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A Glimpse of the Brownies. A Musical Sketch for Children. Any number of boys.

Market Day. An Operetta for Young People. Seven speaking parts and chorus.

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